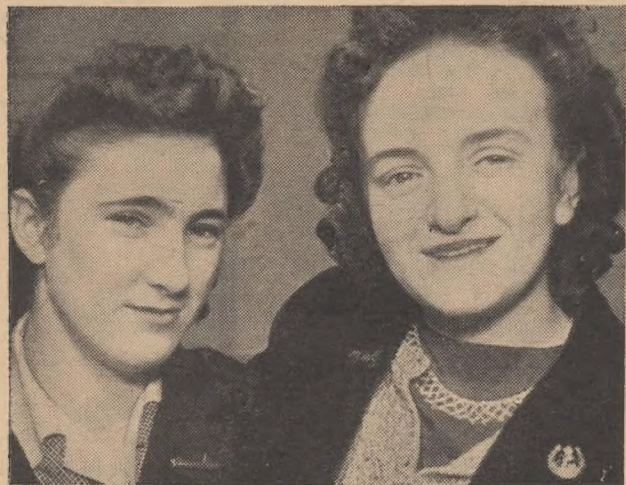


Good Morning 540

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



THIS IS THE HOME NEWS BULLETIN for A.B. Derek Cheery

WHEN we called at 30, you were there to lend a hand. Leafy-oak Road, Grove Park, your Father opened the door and told us your Mother had just gone to the Gaumont, Bromley, with sister Kathleen. The film was "2,000 Women"—don't you wish you had been there!

The girls in Kath's office have adopted a small boat, and one of the lads tried to make a

ALEX CRACK

Grocer (after filling treacle-jar): "Here's your treacle, sonny; where's your money?"
Boy: "I left it in the jar."

date with her, but was unlucky, as she was out when he telephoned.

Dad had only just come in from work and was making himself a cup of tea, in which he kindly asked us to join. He says he is going to finish painting the kitchen, and he wishes

They often ask after you at Fyson's, and send their best wishes.

Mother is still enjoying the best of health, and is still at the Bromley and District Hospital.

George is now in the top class at school and is getting on fine and has gone to the carpentry class, and looks like turning out a proper chippy.

Your Father came home one day and thought the place was on fire, but found it was only George smoking in the kitchen with his mate Charlie Coppin. What about sending him some Havana cigars for Christmas?

Dad sends love on behalf of the whole family, and says cheerio for now, and God bless you and all your shipmates.

Kath came up to the "G.M." office with Barbara Baker, and we took this picture for you.

Barbara says she enjoys your letters, and wishes you all the best, and hopes you like the photograph.

You're not forgotten at the "White Lion" A.B. John Woods

WE tried to get a story and picture from home for bath her, you, and did we have a job, as the address we were given was wrong. Up and down Putney High Street we went in the rain—we called in the Post Office, and at Rudman's the fishmonger's—and there some bright lad suggested it was Deodar Road we wanted. So off we went again—and, O.K., we clicked. Joan opened the door with Judy in her arms, and told us your Mother was out with Gran for the afternoon, so we went into the kitchen to get a picture of Judy for you and a bit of home news.

Joan says Lil's home from hospital, and her health is steadily improving. Baby Judy managed to cover herself with blacklead from head to foot last Sunday, so Joan, who had just got ready to go to the pictures, had to stay in all afternoon and bath her.

Your Mother came in then, and she says she is feeling fine, and Roma at the "White Lion" is down Putney High Street we always asking after you, and has got a drop of Scotch waiting for you when you return.

Dad is still wearing out the dart board at the "Castle." Nellie and Olive have been up North to see Doug. for his 21st birthday, and had a very good time.

Lennie Cox got a blighty leave, as he was slightly wounded in France, but is going back again soon. Mrs. Matthews has just given birth to twins.

Mother wants to know what you would like for a 21st birthday present, so write and give her a few hints. She hopes you will be home shortly, and Judy sends you a big kiss.

When this Wren Sang "My Hero" the boys stampeded

STAGE, SCREEN, STUDIO By DICK GORDON

AT last I can find justifiable excuse for giving credit to the B.B.C.

At the Queensberry All-Services Club in London I heard an excellent recording for the A.E.F. wavelength. Cecil Madden is the B.B.C. man responsible. He works most hours of nearly every day, and using American talent in the way of script writers and artistes where British talent is not up to scratch (which is nearly always) he has put out a stream of high-grade entertainment.

To an all-Services audience top-ranking stars visit the club nightly to record, and entertain on the spot audience.

Cha and wads and nutty are on sale, and the show is followed by a dance session to the rhythm administered by popular West End or Service dance bands.

High-light of the programme I saw was the singing of soprano Wren Audrey Pullin, which rested the applause controller's arm. He had no occasion to signal for a reception for her and his "O.K. to clap" sign was thirty seconds late after her "My Hero," from "The Chocolate Soldier."

THAT a twenty-two-years-old amateur should steal a show from a line-up of very popular troupers, just goes to show that the recording company that offered her a two-hundred pound a week post-war contract, has a very shrewd talent-scout.

But Audrey's journalist father is shrewder. He knows the theatre and he knows his daughter's voice. The unsigned contract is on the shelf—with the others.

I've heard talk that Audrey's growing popularity is due to her father's position as a journalist. That's not so. His paper has never yet used her name. Her publicity has been unsolicited and would have

been far more widespread were it not for the fact that she is a W.R.E.N. Newspapers are wary of publicising Wrens on account of it's hard to understand the whims of the Public Relation Department of that Service.

This W.R.E.N. has never changed a watch and never been granted special shore leave for a broadcast or rehearsal. Her extensive training is done between watches. Every cent of her earnings goes towards her voice-training.

Audrey voluntarily sings at all her camp concerts, and invariably blushes on these occasions. Two thousand faces at the Queensberry Club don't mean a thing—fifty critical colleagues choke her.

You will be hearing her.



counterpart—actor Eliot Makeham.

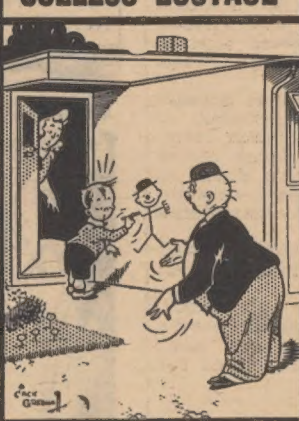
"The pirates were practically all run by one man called Willetts—he also used the name of Fisher—and their organisation was like a thriller story," he said. "They had a big storage place under Hackney Arches, which fed smaller dumps, but their whereabouts were kept secret even from hawkers who sold the copies."

"The procedure was for the hawkers to meet at a certain pub, where they would give their orders, and a runner was despatched to bring in the copies. There was an Act which gave us power to seize these pirated editions, so we organised parties—it became a recognised Saturday sport in the music-publishing business—"

"This did not stamp out the pirates, so we started a Musical Copyright Association, with David Day as president, and myself as secretary, and arranged a campaign for a new and stronger Act. Thanks to a large extent to T. P. O'Connor, M.P., the 1906 Copyright Act was passed, which imposed penalties on piracy of this kind. Willetts eventually got nine months at the Old Bailey, and many other members of his gang were sentenced."

The tragic side of the picture is provided by composers such as George Le Brunn, who is a central character in the film, played by Moore Marriott. After writing song-hits like "Liza Johnson," "Oh, Mr. Porter," and "If it wasn't for the Houses in Between," which would have made him a fortune to-day, he died in poverty. His royalties for one year, when he was already famous, amounted to £1 0s. 7d.!

USELESS EUSTACE



"Gorblimey! The best pre-fabricated house that brains can produce, and 'e goes and chalks on it!"

to waylay the hawkers and take their copies. Usually they were philosophic about it—they could get plenty more; but sometimes there was a 'rough house.'



OUR great chance came when we located the main storage place at Hackney by trailing an agent under the camouflage of a greengrocer's van. We took two plain-clothes policemen along, but eventually had to send for police reserves before we could persuade the gang to hand over their supplies. We found 200,000 copies of music on the premises.

GORDON RICHARDS, the jockey, this week joined the cast of "Dreaming" at Ealing Studios. He is appearing with Flanagan and Allen in a hilarious Ascot sequence. With Richards was R. Jones, another celebrated jockey.

Typically keynoted, the rest of the week's shooting which deals with another of Flanagan's dreams—this time in Berlin. Dr. Goebbels (Philip Wade) is entrusted with the task of undermining the morale of the Allied Forces in this country, which Flanagan (in his dream) has kept up to scratch by organising a super stage-door canteen.

The scenes shot in the saturnine doctor's office show festoons of swastika flags and pictures of Churchill, Stalin, Chiang Kai-Shek, Roosevelt and—Bud Flanagan! On his desk is a large ash-tray surmounted by a model "doodle-bug."

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



MIXED DRINKS MIX-UP

Concluding
"OUTSAILED"
By W.W. JACOBS

FOR some time he smoked and wrote in silence, until the increasing darkness warned him to finish his task. He signed the note, and, having put a few marks of a tender nature below his signature, sealed it ready for the post, and sat with half-closed eyes, finishing his pipe. Then his head nodded, and, placing his arms on the table, he too slept.

It seemed but a minute since he had closed his eyes when he was awakened by the entrance of the skipper, who came blundering into the darkness from his state-room, vociferating loudly and nervously.

"Ay, ay!" said Joe, starting up. "Where's the lights?" said the skipper. "What's the time? I dreamt I'd overslept myself. What's the time?"

"Plenty o' time," said the mate vaguely, as he stifled a yawn.

"Ha!—past ten," said the skipper as he struck a match. "You've been asleep," he added severely.

"I ain't," said the mate stoutly, as he followed the other

on deck. "I've been thinking. I think better in the dark."

"It's about time our chaps was aboard," said the skipper, as he looked round the deserted deck. "I hope they won't be late."

"Sam's with 'em," said the mate confidently, as he went on to the side; "there ain't no festivities going on aboard the *Good Intent*, neither."

"There will be," said his worthy skipper, with a grin, as he looked across the intervening brig at the darkness from his state-room, rival craft; "there will be."

He walked round the deck to see that everything was snug and ship-shape, and got back to the mate just as a howl of surprising weirdness was heard proceeding from the neighbouring stairs.

"I'm s'prised at Berrow allowing his men to make that noise," said the skipper waggishly. "Our chaps are there, too, I think. I can hear Sam's voice."

"So can I," said the mate, with emphasis.

"Seems to be talking rather

loud," said the master of the "Thistle," knitting his brows.

"Sounds as though he's trying to sing," said the mate, as, after some delay, a heavily-laden boat put off from the stairs and made slowly for them. "No, he ain't; he's screaming."

There was no longer any doubt about it. The respectable and greatly-trusted Sam was letting off

a series of wild howls which would impatient and deplorable language, have done credit to a penny-gaff was forcibly holding Sam down in Zulu, and was evidently very much the boat.

"Ahoy, Thistle! Ahoy!" belated the waterman, as he neared the schooner. "Chuck us a rope—quick!"

The mate threw him one, and the boat came alongside. It was then seen that another waterman, using

"What's he done? What's the row?" demanded the mate.

"Done?" said the waterman, in disgust. "Done? He's 'ad a small lemon, an' it's got into his silly old head. He's making all this fuss 'cos he wanted to set the pub on fire, an' they wouldn't let him. Man ashore told us they belonged to the 'Good Intent,' but I know they're your men."

"Sam!" roared the skipper, with a sinking heart, as his glance fell on the recumbent figures in the boat; "come aboard at once, you drunken disgrace! D'ye hear?"

"I can't leave him," said Sam, whimpering.

"Leave who?" growled the skipper.

"Him," said Sam, placing his arms round the waterman's neck. "Him an' me's like brothers."

"Get up, you old loonatic!" snarled the waterman, extricating himself with difficulty, and forcing the other towards the side. "Now, up you go!"

Aided by the shoulders of the waterman and the hands of his superior officers, Sam went up, and then the waterman turned his attention to the remainder of his fares, who were snoring contentedly in the bottom of the boat.

"Now, then!" he cried; "look alive with you! D'ye hear? Wake up! wake up! Kick 'em, Bill!"

"I can't kick no 'arder," grumbled the other waterman.

"What the devil's the matter with 'em?" stormed the master of the *Thistle*. "Chuck a pail of water over 'em, Joe!"

Joe obeyed with gusto; and, as he never had much of a head

for details, bestowed most of it upon the watermen. Through the row which ensued the "Thistle's" crew snored peacefully, and at last were handed up over the sides like sacks of potatoes, and the indignant watermen pulled back to the stairs.

"Here's a nice crew to win a race with!" wailed the skipper, almost crying with rage. "Chuck the water over 'em, Joe! Chuck the water over 'em!"

Joe obeyed willingly, until at length, to the skipper's great relief, one man stirred, and, sitting up on the deck, sleepily expressed his firm conviction that it was raining. For a moment they both had hopes of him, but as Joe went to the side for another bucketful, he evidently came to the conclusion that he had been dreaming, and, lying down again, resumed his nap. As he did so the first stroke of Big Ben came booming down the river.

"Eleven o'clock!" shouted the excited skipper.

(Continued on Page 3)

Solution to Puzzle in No. 539.

55	30
70	45

QUIZ for today

1. A mormops is a feather duster, kind of bat, deep-sea fish, reptile, man with more than two wives?
2. What is the difference between a tine and a tang?
3. In whose reign did Robert Bruce win the Battle of Bannockburn?
4. In what game is a "re-paint" used for practice?

5. What was Sherlock Holmes's famous address?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Cod, Haddock, Loach, Whiting, Herring, Pilchard.

Answers to Quiz in No. 539

1. Seed-pod.
2. John Wycliffe.
3. Pine-cones hang downwards; fir-cones stand upwards.
3. Carbon.
6. Goat.
6. St. Peter's Cathedral has a dome; others have not.



"Calm yourselves, gentlemen! Only one to each customer!"

I get around

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



REOPENING of beaches in previously banned areas on the South Coast provided problems for residents and visitors who sought to recapture the pre-war joys of beach-bathing, sun-basking and sand-castle building.

At Bournemouth, where the normal population was almost doubled by an invasion of holiday-makers and buzz-bomb victims soon after the ban was lifted, all the large stores were quickly denuded of their entire stocks of swim-suits and bathing costumes—notwithstanding that coupons had to be surrendered for their purchase.

Spades and buckets for the kiddies were practically unobtainable, but improvisation solved that problem.

Ironmongers' shops reported a big "run" on iron fire-grate shovels and gardening trowels and what are known in the trade as "paint kettles," which made excellent substitutes for beach "tools."



IRISH bloodstock breeders, certain that both Ulster and Eire will be able to build a big trade in horse export after the war, are laying their plans now.

Horses of all kinds, from lumbering stallions to graceful racehorses, will be needed.

The noted endurance and staying power of Irish horses will be certain to attract world buyers empowered to make big purchases for their Governments.

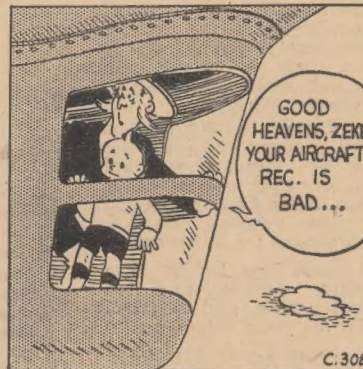
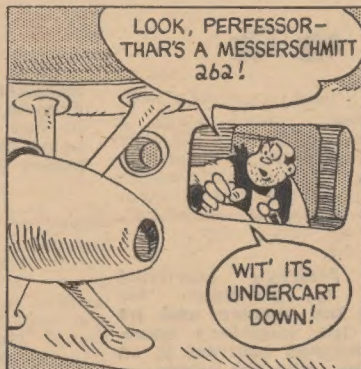
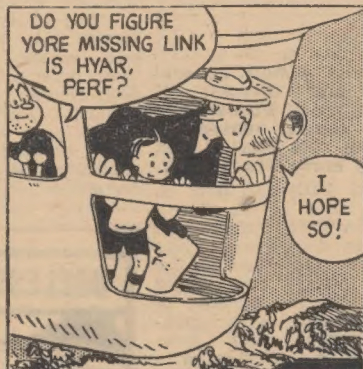
Resumption of racing under National Hunt Rules in Britain has already caused Irish trainers to be inundated with orders for good steeplechasers.

And, to advertise the qualities of the Irish jumper, the Eire Army jumping team, winners of many trophies in international riding competitions before the war, may be sent on tour to America.

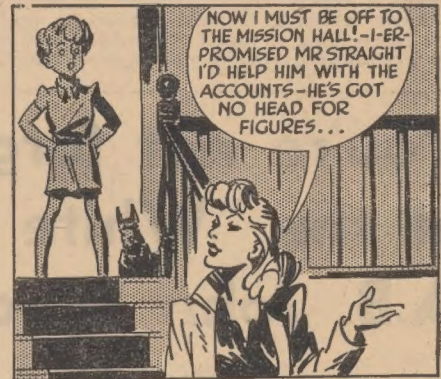
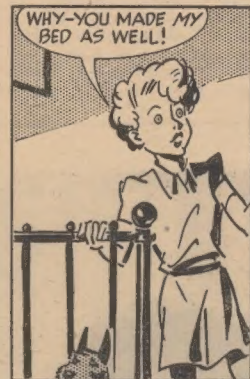
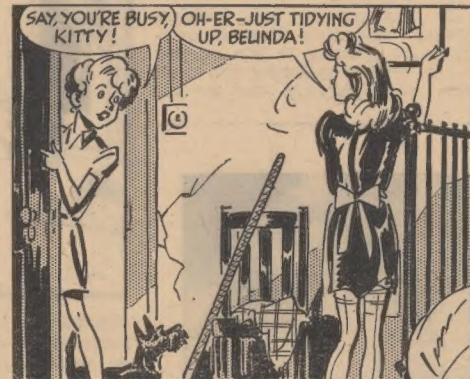


BILLY GOAT: "The trouble with you, Nanny, is you never know when to stop kidding."

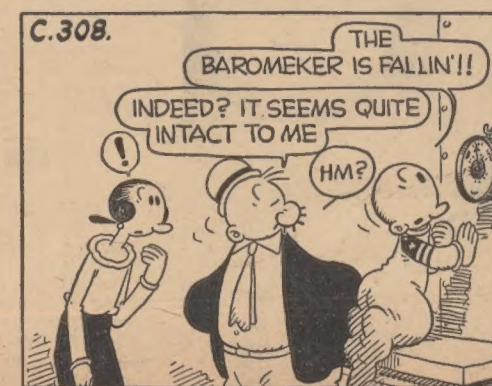
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS

- 479
1. Put a metal in PER and get an advocate.

2. Rearrange the following letters to make four tools: LABWARD, HISCLE, MERMAH, NENARPS.

3. In the following four French towns the same number stands for the same letter throughout. If 2 equals N and 6 equals O, what are they? 252843, 6974523, 861762, 86193.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 478

1. CEDAR, CYPRESS.

2. TENNIS—RUGBY.

3. (a) Defendant, (b) Anticipation.

JANE



HOW'S TRICKS?

THE DICE RACE TRICK.

The effect is rather amusing. It consists of a race with two dice. You have one die, your friend has the other, and the idea is to score 50. Memorise these key numbers: 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, 36 and 43.

DOGS HAVE IT

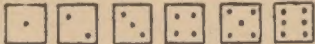
SOME women in Britain are putting on weight on wartime rations. The Ministry of Food knows all about it, from official records, but will not reveal the facts.

"Women are so touchy about their weight that the facts must remain in our confidential files," a Ministry official says. The Ministry has the records of 40,000 people who are weighed regularly on condition that the information is kept secret.

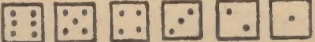
Meanwhile, Milford Haven (Pembrokeshire) M.O.H. says women there are increasing in weight, and he blames sausages, bread and potatoes.

By SYD DE HEMPSEY

If your opponent plays:



Now you follow with:



You commence the race. You start by showing a number, your friend shows any side he likes and adds the number to yours. You then repeat, he repeats, and the person scoring fifty first wins.

To win, you play to reach any one of the key numbers. You should always make your friend's score and your own total 7 after the first key number has been reached.

"OUTSAILED"

(Continued from Page 2)

It was too true. Before Big Ben had finished, the neighbouring church clocks commenced striking with feverish haste, and hurrying feet and hoarse cries were heard proceeding from the deck of the *Good Intent*.

"Loose the sails!" yelled the furious Tucker. "Loose the sails! Damme, we'll get under way by ourselves!"

He ran forward, and, assisted by the mate, hoisted the jibs, and then, running back, cast off from the brig, and began to hoist the mainsail. As they disengaged themselves from the tier, there was just sufficient sail for them to advance against the tide; while in front of them the *Good Intent*, shaking out sail after sail, stood boldly down the river.

"This was the way of it," said Sam, as he stood before the grim Tucker at six o'clock the next morning, surrounded by his mates. "He came into the 'Town o' Berwick,' where we was, as nice a

spoken little chap as ever you'd wish to see. He said he'd been a looking at the *Good Intent*, and he thought it was the prettiest little craft 'e ever seed, and the exact image of one his dear brother, which was a missionary, 'ad, and he'd like to stand a drink to every man of her crew. Of course, we all said we was the crew directly, an' all I can remember arter that is two coppers an' a little boy trying to giv' me the frog's march, an' somebody chucking pails o' water over me. It's crool 'ard losing a race, what we didn't know nothink about, in this way; but it warn't our fault—it warn't, indeed.

"It's my belief that the little man was a missionary of some

sort hisself, and wanted to convert us, an' that was his way of starting on the job. It's all very well for the mate to have high-tirriks; but it's quite true, every word of it, an' if you go an' ask at the pub they'll tell you the same."

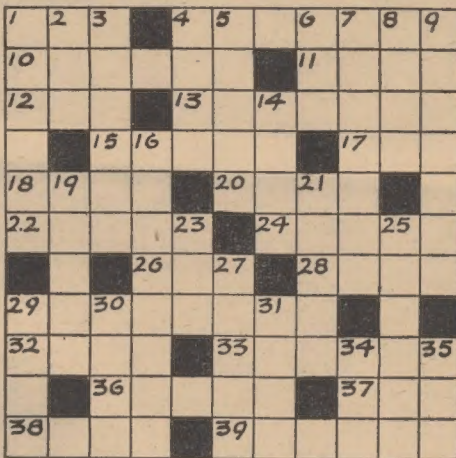
END

By courtesy of the Society of Authors and of the Executors of the late W. W. Jacobs.

ALEX CRACK

Employer: "But I only employ married men."
Applicant: "Why, sir?"
Employer: "Because they are not in such a hurry to leave the office in the evening."

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Fool.

4 Myths.

10 Stimulus.

11 Bide.

12 Backwards.

13 Goddess of wisdom.

15 Start.

17 Tease.

18 Serene.

20 Tale of heroes.

22 Fragrant herb.

24 Name of book.

26 Sphere.

28 Fruit.

29 Old ships.

32 Notion.

33 Strata.

36 Play poorly.

37 Meadow.

38 Drop of physic.

39 Becoming.

BOARDS SPAN
EBB OPHELIA
CLEVER WARP
KITE EASY E
Q SKEW EAR
SUITE RUDDY
TEN RAYS V
E TABS EMIT
ATOM HORACE
MINIVER DEN
SPED NEWEST

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Pretend.

2 Male title.

3 Andante.

4 Portray.

5 Poems.

6 Sheep.

7 Tell.

8 Prima donna.

9 Reel.

14 Trim.

16 Sacrifice.

19 In front.

21 Nomad.

23 Before.

25 Bay.

27 Big pill.

29 Make specious.

30 Minus.

31 Reputation.

34 Tree.

35 Express.

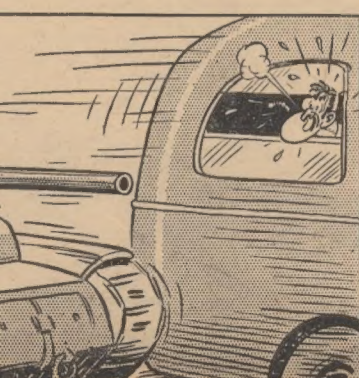
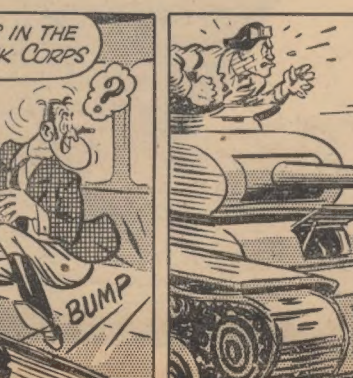
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Argue This Out

HUMOUR.

THE sense of humour is an admirable thing. Yet it has its inevitable defects, and one is that it prevents us from taking anything seriously, including ideas. We don't like facing unpleasant truths, and excuse ourselves with a jest from facing them. We don't like thinking, and will stand shivering on the brink of the dark river of thought, waiting for somebody to make a joke and relieve us of the necessity of plunging in.

Professor C. E. M. Joad.

SUNDAY.

WITH many people the "keeping" of Sunday is the only vestige of religion left in them. Sunday observance, to them, means simply not doing certain things, and is thus an easy and convenient way of serving God with as little trouble to themselves as possible. Who is to blame for that? Surely those who have taught them that Sunday is a day of negative prohibitions, instead of teaching them the positive meaning of Sunday as a festival of rest and worship.

H. W. Seaman.



"How did you get along with that submariner last night?"
"He hadn't much to say, but he certainly had the gift of the grab."

Good
Morning



BONNIE SCOTLAND! Land of cakes and marmalade, of oatmeal and haggis, the countryside around Dundee smiles in the sunshine. The narrow silver strip glinting on the skyline is the Forth of Tay.



"I'm not really bare-faced, it's just that there isn't a pin to be had. 'Spouse these pin-up girls are responsible for the shortage."



**"SHE'S ONLY
A BEAUTIFUL
PICTURE
in a beautiful
golden frame."**

But if Warner Bros.' Alexis Smith could only speak, we think it would be the most highly-prized picture on the walls of any gallery anywhere.



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"It's a speaking likeness!"

